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ENGINEERS' VIEWS.

As additional evidence that the New York Central Railroad Company can ventilate and light the Fourth Avenue Tunnel it is worth, *The Evening World* prints to-day a number of interviews with well-known engineers, who are unanimous in saying that it is only a question of expense. In its present shape, as shown already, no perfect system of ventilation may be had, but the necessary changes are simple ones. The big openings, through which people living along Fourth Avenue are poisoned by gas, coal dust and vapor, must be closed, and chimneys built to carry the foul air off.

The whole question is embraced in the statement of one engineer, who says that "the ventilation of the Fourth Avenue Tunnel is only a question of mathematics; that is, how much of the smoke and steam concentrated in the tunnel has got to be disposed of, and the figuring out of the capacity of the ventilating apparatus—a purely mechanical basis."

What is the call or reason for delay in making this most necessary change? Does the New York Central management propose to wait for another tunnel horror before doing anything? Remember that there has been two terrible warnings. Look out for the third. Should another collision take place, there is nothing that would save those responsible from Sing Sing. And there could be no defense.

REASON, NOT SENTIMENT.

There can be no excuse for mob violence, and the action of the men in New Orleans who broke into the Parish Prison and shot down the eleven Italians, six of whom after trial had been declared not guilty, must be condemned on reflection by every right-thinking citizen. There was a picturesqueness in the proceeding, a calm deliberation and a semblance of justice; that may incline one's feelings towards the men who, believing that the law had been miscarried, constituted themselves into judges, jury and executioners. But it is not sentiment, but reason, that should act.

Chief of Police HENNESSY was assassinated by some Italian, said to be members of the Mafia. Nineteen men were arrested for the crime. Nine were put on trial and for three weeks twelve jurymen who had sworn to be governed solely by the evidence listened to the testimony. Their verdict was that six of the prisoners were not guilty. On the guilt of the other three they disagreed. They may all have believed that the prisoners were guilty, but they had sworn to judge only by the evidence. It was reason not feeling, and if it was a doubt the prisoners were entitled to it.

Admitting that the sentiment of the community was that the men were guilty and should be punished, it must not be forgotten that the jury was the community's representative and acting for it. There are laws which must be upheld, and it is better that murderers should go unpunished than possibly innocent men be killed and the fair fame of a city smirched.

The pity of it all is that the mob should have been called by men of intelligence, and that the shooting down of the crouching, defenseless prisoners was the result of cool deliberation. Acts of violence committed in the heat of passion have sometimes extinction, but what excuse can be offered where there is calm premeditation? No matter what the outcome may be, the Parish Prison tragedy may be considered the most deplorable act that has been perpetrated in this country in the present generation.

PARNELL'S ENVOYS.

The men sent to America by Mr. PARNELL to collect money to assist him in his fight have arrived. Cablegrams have also come to hand at the same time announcing the very lively differences of view entertained in Ireland about the gentleman whose emissaries they are. Excited meetings, recriminations, blows and police are the strong signs of the way Irishmen feel about Mr. PARNELL.

It would be a very natural thing for Irish Americans to desire a little clearing of the air over there, and some strong proof of where money contributed will go to and who will be responsible for their application before they indulge in liberal donations to Mr. PARNELL'S ENVOYS. What every true son of Erin wants to do is to help Ireland, and he has a right to know whether he is doing so or not.

A GREAT LITTLE GIRL.

A little Cleveland girl, LILLIE RONCK, eight years old, has given touching proof that heroic instincts are certainly born in men as well as in women. Awakening at 2 o'clock in the morning of a whirling storm, she saw flames just beginning to break from a frame building where a family of four persons lived.

Out she sprang from her warm bed, pointing the need of all possible haste, and

sped across the street in her stocking feet, clad in her night dress only, her tiny feet shivering in the deep snow, and the biting wind chilling her tender body. She beat upon the door till her knocking and cries aroused the household, and they were saved. It is hard to picture that little girl on her mission of reckless charity without feeling that there is something golden in humanity, and that a child's soul may be very great.

The residents of Cornwall are stirred up over the report that the Reverend WILLIAM H. RAMSCAR is using the Storm King House as a private asylum. Mr. RAMSCAR's record as a career of the insane, the aged and the young is punctuated by convictions in the criminal courts, enforced residence in penal institutions and reprehensible generally on the part of the law. Cornwall's citizens are rightly incensed, and those who control the Storm King House should ascertain whether Mr. RAMSCAR'S uses of it are not abusive.

Secretary Rusk is wounded to the quick by the harsh Teutonic treatment of the American hog. He contends, with much justice it would seem, that when the blooming healthfulness of our porkers is ascertained by analysis and post mortem examination, even to the point of microscopic searching of its penetrable Germany exhibits an ugly and invidious spirit in snubbing our pork. The Secretary will not stand alone on this point.

A small party of Americans are going to burrow into the fastnesses of the Olympic Mountains in the State of Washington in quest of cannibals. Why they should be there, and why, if they are, anybody should want to get at them, is not apparent. Having one's remains buried and one's ashes scattered seems preferable to the form of sepulture which awaits the casual visitor to the cannibals.

The latitudes of Tehuantepec is to feel the tread of the Chinaman. A capitalist of the Celestial Kingdom will transport Chinese agriculturists to the bad lands of the latitudes, and they will harrow it and rake it fore and aft. The rakishness of this outfit is all right.

A lusty Swiss immigrant, with a lusty wife, thirteen lusty children, three lusty grand-children and a wallet with \$4,000 in it, has landed on these shores. This is an immigrant as is an immigrant. More of this stripe will be gladly welcomed to our land.

It is not quite certain that Aristotile's grave has been discovered. The wild delirium of looking at the small hole which held so great a philosopher is not yet assured to an eager world. Patience and hope!

That mordant invader, the grip, is with us once again. Its prehensile force is gentler than before, but it is still strong enough to make the grip a thing to be guarded against. Look out for it.

The wilds of Alaska are responding to the touch of civilization. The Indian sent hunters are all on a strike.

SPOTLIGHTS.

The best check to the finger is not a check to himself.

Most of the violent meteorological changes are "blows" to persons who like fine weather.

An Irishman who cannot marry a tall girl is like a man at variance with his wife. He can't get a long with her.

The poor man who takes a dish to his wife is not as good as the millionaire who takes his wife to a dish.

"Dear World, I am here to stay."

"Your smile, sir, against you stands."

"I'll give you my word, sir."

Let Chancellor Rusk thought of an arbitrator in the Rusk case, question because he knows so much about seals?

If the balloons won't bring in rain they won't be all they are cracked up for.

A monkey who can't get along with his wife is naturally out of key with his climb-down.

Which is the worse case, the man who seeks of himself that he wants to talk to somebody, or the man who seeks of others that he wants to talk to nobody?

The territory lying along the Mississippi is riven by the river. But that don't help things much.

VAGRANT VERSES.

The American Girl.

"The 'greatest' and the 'calculated,' she wears all the colors of the rainbow."

Her religion is not without suspicion of a dye; for 'pope' is a dull old man with turned pink lips."

But every one admits that she's indubitably spry."

She did some in a swift two days, gave half the time to 'Venus'."

But wise that she saw everything, although in the 'V' of her name, she seems to fight shy of it."

Because it might endanger the proportions of her hair."

Her manner might be well defined as elegantly simple."

She is a kind of a roughie, can do anything, and she knows the Peasage, for she reads it through and through."

She's indubitably superior, and shows like a con-queror when she sees the signs for the multitude of signs."

With just a shade too conscious, so it seems, of ad-justing her dress to the occasion."

With just a tendency to wriggle when she walks."

The owner she is "American," and her accent is "American."

Her husband has an awful name you may guess."

Yes, after all she owns "La Belle Americaine" in the name."

No, no, she's not a 'L' but a 'J'—that's her name."

Invitation on the bill.

Or some bit of feminine brightness, she has a hand in the 'V' of her name."

Clasp it never fails before."

It is the 'V' of the 'V' of her name."

The thinking, musical, sweet, graceful, and the 'V' of her name."

And a whole lot more."

—GARRY HERMAN, in *Life*.

A Matter of Doubt.

What her lips say no."

What her eyes say yes."

What her heart says no."

What her soul says yes."

What her conscience says no."

What her fate says yes."

—Judge.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Fashion Notes of a Doll's Dress.
maker—Sauce to Order—A Point
in Etiquette—Fresh Air for
Colds—China Silk Waists
for Summer.

There are thousands of women in New York who read from one to a dozen articles of wearing apparel to the cleaner every week. These articles are mostly dresses, gowns, robes or wraps for women and children. Not infrequently they are displayed in showcases of shop windows, and give valuable hints to the modistes and home dressmakers who frequent the store to see what the fashions are wearing.

That broad shawl never been eaten or battered in the wide street, but broken off in small pieces and battered and eaten at once, is a bit of table etiquette to which many people are indifferent who pride themselves on their nice manners.

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Which is the worse case, the man who seeks of himself that he wants to talk to somebody, or the man who seeks of others that he wants to talk to nobody?

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AIR IN THE TUNNEL.

Expert Opinions on the Feasibility of Subway Ventilation.

Theories of Some of New York's Eminent Engineers.

How Smoke and Steam Can be Effectually Carried Away.

The efforts of *The Evening World* to secure the adoption of a better system of operating the Fourth Avenue Tunnel by the railroad companies which run trains through it, have aroused general interest in the engineering profession. To ascertain the views of experts upon the various questions involved in the lighting and ventilation of the tunnel, as advocated by *The Evening World*, a reporter has called upon several civil engineers and asked their opinion in regard to the practicability of the scheme proposed.

Those seen were unanimous in the opinion that under the present system, where neither lighting nor ventilation is employed, accidents even more shocking than the one of Feb. 20 could not be averted.

The disaster showed conclusively that there was something radically wrong in the methods of keeping the tunnel clear, and that under certain circumstances a system of shunting air is bound to become foul and murky, unless some artificial means is used to keep it pure and clear.

The immense volume of smoke and steam emitted by a single locomotive is sufficient to fill the narrow passageway and prevent signals from being seen by the engineer in charge, until he is right upon them.

"So far as I know, the only way of ventilating an underground tunnel is by immense exhaust fans placed at intervals along the route and opening above, and kept continually in operation."

"If this system were introduced in the Fourth Avenue Tunnel it would be necessary to close up all the long openings between the blocks, and only have a small number of openings, sufficiently large to permit the working of the fans."

"Otherwise there could be no continuous current kept up, and that is the secret of ventilating underground passageways. There would have to be not more than one opening between two blocks, and then the ventilation would depend upon the capacity of the fans to move the air in the tunnel with sufficient rapidity to keep it clear, where trains are passing through every few minutes."

"As to the lighting of the tunnel, I am not prepared to speak positively. I regard the ventilation of the passageway as the right thing to do first, and the lighting of the tunnel as a question to be solved by experiment."

"If you could make the tunnel as clear as day by the use of electric lights I do not see why it should not lessen the danger of accidents."

Mr. Forney, of the Engineering Society, who is always on the alert for anything that concerns the profession which his paper represents, said he had given the subject considerable attention since *The Evening World* has started the discussion of tunnel lighting and ventilation.

A NOVEL SCHEME FOR VENTILATION.
"One of the most novel schemes for tunnel ventilation," he said, "was recently invented and patented by a Frenchman. The beauty of the plan is that it confines the steam and smoke to the upper part of the tunnel and within a narrow limit, so that it is more easy to remove it by means of the exhaust fans, and does not require a powerful draught or air current."

"This is done by building a thin partition, extending from both sides of the tunnel horizontally over the tracks, and high enough to allow the cars and locomotive to pass underneath."

"The partitions from the two sides do not meet in the middle, but a space is left wide enough to permit the top of the smokestack to pass through. This must be higher than the top of the smokestack in order to carry out the plan."

"Of course, the smoke and steam from the locomotive passes into the chamber above, while the lower part of the tunnel is perfectly clear."

The draught from the exhaust fans keeps the air from rising up into the lower part of the tunnel, and at the same time it can be more readily cleared out from the upper chamber.

"This is rather a fanciful idea, but I do not see why it could not be made practicable."

"There is no doubt that the tunnel Fourth Avenue tunnel is ventilated, and it is an absolute necessity where the volume of travel is as great as it is in the roads converging at the Grand Central station."

The underground railway companies of London have spent immense amounts of money in lighting and ventilating their tunnels and have been more or less successful. No tunnel is safe unless it is properly ventilated, and *The Evening World*, in urging the importance of this, is doing a great work for the public.

of trains per hour per day passing through the tunnel, and that get at the total amount of smoke and gas they make. Then this conclusion will determine the exact proportion of mechanical force necessary to exhaust that accumulation in the tunnel.

"To do this to ventilate it, I mean—you have got to exhaust the accumulation of smoke through various stations throughout the tunnel length."

"As I know, I do not think the Fourth Avenue Tunnel can be ventilated. You would need a fan to take the smoke, a duct that would let it out at intervals along the tunnel. This would necessitate small openings, and more of them, leading into the duct, and thus draw out the smoke, as they are created by the passage of the locomotives."

"As for lighting the tunnel, I should think they might use the lights for signals and the incandescent lamps for the regular lighting. It is a matter for a great deal of thought."

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL ROAD OF LATE has changed its policy and has been more liberal in the employment of competent engineers. I am satisfied that if the problem is referred to the present engineers of that road will develop all the means necessary to accomplish every purpose.

"I believe it is possible and they have got the force to do it. As soon as the tunnel is properly ventilated it can be lighted without any interference with the signals. It would not be necessary to use electric lights in the tunnel, but to use gas lights in the signal boxes, which throw a glow in the eyes of engines, as shielded as to throw the rays in the opposite direction from which the engines may be running."

"Can the system of the St. Louis Tunnel be applied to the Grand Central Tunnel? I think it would be necessary to make our tunnel closed in sections of a third to a half mile, with ventilating fans at the middle of each section."

"Another thing the recent investigation shows is the great value of the signal apparatus and the desirability of further developing the same."

REPLY, A MATTER OF EXPENSE.
John E. Feller, civil engineer, 11 Wall street.

"Of course it is going to be a matter of considerable expense under any circumstances, and the property-owners would very likely object to opening the entire tunnel. I agree that the tunnel should be ventilated, but it can be ventilated without cutting up the avenue."

THE CLEANER.
I received a letter from a friend in Florida this morning, in which he enlarges the balmy climate, with the thermometer at 90 degrees.

"I have been in the South for a long time, and I have seen a great deal of the country. I have seen the great cities, the great rivers, the great mountains, and the great plains. I have seen the great cities, the great rivers, the great mountains, and the great plains."

I met W. G. Fleming, the well-known Secretary of the Passenger Committee of the New York Central Railroad, at the Grand Central Station. The accomplished statesman is one of the most remarkable figures in railroad circles, whose talent for rates and their maze-like classification has made him an invaluable feature in the Association which includes the greatest railroads in the country.

There is a very attractive-looking cabinet in the private room of Capt. Schmittberger at No. 1. It is a brightly polished exterior and it is attached to the wall. When he opened it, several copies of the *Evening World* were found, and the island of Cuba, which he said were direct importations. The curiosities were made of cedar wood and out glass, and the Captain said he revealed them only to his friends.

A hundred people accepted Manager Hofe's invitation to witness Mrs. Deane's dress rehearsal at the Harlem Theatre yesterday afternoon. There were politicians, city officials and men about town. There were Capt. Copeland, Capt. Cross and Capt. Carpenter of the police force; ex-Alderman Fetter, of the famous "Boodle" Board; L. A. R. D. N. Carver, of the Harlem Vorth Democratic; Billy Sheriff, the poet, Dana, and scores of well-known men in official and newspaper circles. They all had a hearty laugh and a good time.

I have heard recently many complaints to the effect that the supply of olives in circulation is becoming very short. The olives, I am told, are scarce in the market, and it is a pity that the supply is so short. The olives, I am told, are scarce in the market, and it is a pity that the supply is so short.

Mrs. Calvin Brice spent nearly two hours yesterday afternoon at the Harlem Studios, a most interesting spectacle of the paintings. I have never seen her looking better. She looked the picture of an amiable good-nature.

CAUTION.
Upon Downer—Say, old man, lead me a live unit out of the city. I want to see the old city. I want to see the old city.

One of Her Habits.
Angelina—Oh, yes, why do you use sailors work at that window, what's up, leave a note? Pa—Oh, it's one of her habits.

A Sure Sign.
Yonah Man—Mr. Tappan, can you put a new sign in this case? This one is getting badly worn.

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